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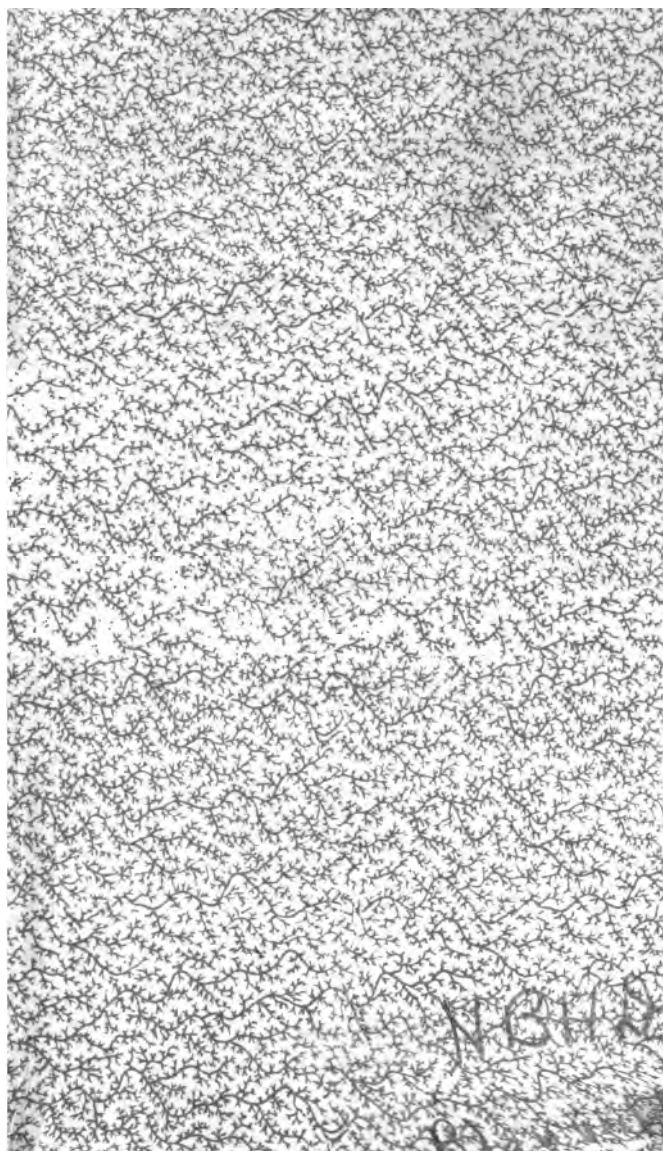
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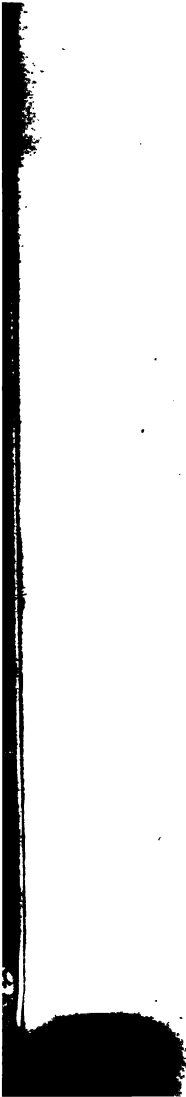












THE
WINTER IN TOWN.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

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FASHION'S ANALYSIS;
OR, THE
WINTER IN TOWN.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

BY
SIR ANTHONY AVALANCHE.

WITH
NOTES, ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.

BY
GREGORY GLACIER, GENT.

PART I.

NEW YORK
PRINTED FOR J. OSBORN,
NO. 13 PARK,

1807.

207.

1081



16134


XXOV VWM

1888
Printed by D. & G. Bruce.
1888

May 27 1807


PREFACE.

SATIRE has always been considered a lawful weapon, when employed in the cause of virtue. If vice cannot be intimidated by threats, she may at least be put out of countenance by ridicule ; and certainly the weapons of raillery cannot be better employed than in embarrassing and confounding her. To the *rare* talent of *wit* the writer of the following pages makes no pretensions. If he has sketched with fidelity, and drawn from life, his task is already done ; for to bring vice into execration, and folly into contempt, it is necessary only that both should be faithfully portrayed.—This



has been the author's principal endeavour ; and he has seldom stopped by the way to comment on the shades and colouring.— The myriads of fashion are before him, and selection his only difficulty. This he trusts he has executed, if not with judgment, at least with a pious respect for virtue, even where she has dressed herself for a while in the “*pride, pomp, and circumstance*” of the times.

In *exemplifying* his satire, the author has endeavoured altogether to shun *personalities*. If, however, he should have hit off with rather too much exactness, certain characters in *real life* ; he has only to lament that there *are such*. From those of his readers who may happen to stumble upon their own likenesses, he has little to apprehend ; for as the resemblances are not



the most *flattering*, they will probably be altogether denied.

This little volume contains the first of a series of satires which the author intends to continue, as leisure and inclination dictate. Avocations of a more important nature, however, compel him to send this, as they will probably to send its successors, into the world, destitute of that *polish* which a *poet* by *profession* would have given them.

Of fashionable follies it may be said, in the language of inspiration, "The harvest is indeed great, but the labourers are few." The manners of our upper circles are rapidly approaching that state which a certain poet has thought proper to stile the *refinement* of luxury, while no pen has hitherto


been employed in the task of pruning and modifying them. Though the author of these humble pages is far from presuming that the accomplishment of this task has fallen to *his* pen ; he can vouch for the purity of his motives, and the morality of his Muse ; and though he prove a proficient neither in *ridicule* nor in *verse*, yet the topics which he treats of may perhaps gain him the attention of the *fashionable*, and the cause which he advocates entitle him to the lenity of the *grave*.

The author having in a measure introduced himself to the reader, it may not be improper that he should say something of his very good friend Gregory Glacier, who will now and then figure away in a note at the end of the Poem. This facetious personage is quite the finished man ; for he

has served no less than twenty campaigns, (*i. e.* winters) in the service of the beau monde ; he can shiver a pigeon-wing like a swallow, present a hand with Apollo himself, and cut, shuffle, and deal, like an *angel*.

Gregory was intended by his parents for the law, and as he had a vociferous *pair of lungs*, and wrote a good *running hand*, they had no doubt of his making a splendid figure—and so he did—but it was in the ball-room. Gregory soon found the afore-said profession little consonant to his natural levity ; and though he was at least two hours in a day at his office, and though at least one of the two was dozed away over Coke, Littleton, and the statutes, Gregory made marvellous little progress in the study of the *black letter*. In short, Nature had

formed him for another region, and chance soon introduced him into it; for happening one day to pick up Miss Trippet's fan in the street, she very civilly invited him to her party. Here my friend Gregory (who still relates the incident with much good humour) was quite in his element; and though it was his first appearance in the gay world, seemed as much at ease as if he had been all his life within its limits. Every one admired the elegant stranger, and Miss Trippet felt quite proud of her new acquaintance. My reader well knows that to gain admission into the fashionable world, a *start* is all that is necessary; and Gregory found it so. On the *first* evening, he was spoken of merely as the gentleman with the long quieu, who smiled so sweetly on Miss Trippet. At the next party, he was set down as her admirer, and on the



third, report said they were actually engaged. This coming to Miss Trippet's ears, she grew more cool towards our hero : but the rest of the world grew proportionally warmer ; for an affair of the heart with Miss Trippet, so admired for her *fortune* and her charms, was sufficient to bring any man into notice. Gregory of course not caring a *snap* for the lady, while he felt not the smallest gratitude to *her*, on the whole was not a little delighted with the good consequences of the acquaintance. He had by this time become a dabster at a *pun* ; could *dovetail* a quotation, or sport a laugh ; and having his brain stuffed with the *legs*, *wings*, and *heads* of literature, would sometimes astonish his gay companions with a little in the *knowing way*. He had also a smattering of the Muse, and having written sundry pretty trifles, such as, an ad-

dress to a spangle dropt from Lucy's dress at a ball, a caution to a thief in the candle, and, an apostrophe to a worm in the back-log, and such like things, he obtained much eclat as a poet.—But his principal forte is argument, which he has the vanity to think he can manage as well as a *dance* ; and indeed he actually bore off the palm not long ago from the profound Mrs. Rigmarole, the recondite Lady Hairsbreath, and the inquisitive Miss Pentateuch, in a dispute of three hours respecting the dimensions of Mrs. Strappingsides' elbow.

Such, gentle reader, is my friend Gregory, and I fear that I shall have in more instances than one, to apologize for the severity of his remarks. In truth, *time* has a little worn away his consequence in *gay life*. His gait is not so supple as it used to

be ; and he is sometimes, (Oh, horrible) he is sometimes *grave*. He may, therefore, be expected to express himself not in the gentlest terms of a mode of life, in which he has wasted the most valuable moments of his own ; in which he has trifled till he can trifle no longer, and been in the pursuit of folly till it is too late to retrace the error.

THE

WINTER IN TOWN.

PART I.



ARGUMENT.

INVOCATION—sentiment at a ball—sound logic—a fop—
a woman that *would be* fashionable—a fashionable woman—
a family picture—dialogue between a modern mother and
her daughter—BRAG at full length—a modern tea-party—a
squeeze—fashionable topics—the student in distress—real
wit—sham wit—cards—gällery of portraits—an inquiry after
woman as she should be—conclusion.

TO THE READER.

THIS Poem was written in the month of December last ; but owing to the absence of the Author from the city, its publication has been delayed till now. This will justify the tenor of the Invocation, which might otherwise appear *unseasonable*.

FASHION'S ANALYSIS,
OR, THE
WINTER IN TOWN.

PART I.

HAIL, venerable Winter, hail !

The mountain bleak, the silent vale

Proclaim that thou art there :

I know thee by thy silv'ry mail,


And frozen hair !

I know thee—for the mountain dews

Have ting'd thy locks an hundred hues ;—

While thrown around thy giant form,
Loose floats the mantle of the storm.
Thy spear, a pond'rous icicle supplies
That late from Niagara's verge
Was pluckt to aid thy giant stride
(While journeying tow'rd the southern surge)
Across the uncongealing tide—
Now borrowing morning's variegated dyes
The starry prism pale glitters through the skies !¹

I know thy northern home—thou sleep'st afar
(God help thee, Winter,) with a star,
A most domestic dame, that ceaseless reigns
In snowy grandeur o'er her native plains.
While once a year at least thou'rt sure to roam
And leave her Ladyship at home,




Perhaps to guide some hunter o'er the snows,
Or light some lapland lover to repose ;
Whilst thou most demon-like pursu'st thy way
To climes where gentle summer holds her sway ;

And frowning on the lovely maid,
In youth, and bloom, and smiles array'd,
Clasp'st her reluctant in thy cold embrace,
Till ev'ry pulse is still, and wither'd ev'ry grace.

While sister Autumn weeping nigh
Receives the maiden's parting sigh,
And o'er her turf delights to strew
The faded leaf of yellow hue,
Till worn with kindred wo, in hermit's guise
She seeks her sister's tomb—and dies !

Then, Winter, I will drop the lonely tear ²
E'en on the threshold of thy stern career !
Or ever fate ascend his tempest throne,
And claim thy night of horrors as his own.
Tho' fashion greet thee by the gentlest name,
Yet, Winter ! Winter ! thou art still the same !
Sad is *thy* victim, tho' the town *be gay*,
And shiv'ring want *will die*—tho' *Cooper is to play*.

The coach is ready—let it come at nine—
A dance, say you ?—a dance ?—'twill be divine—
Lord how I hate the stupid thing *a slop*,
But love of all things under heav'n *a hop*.—³
The carriage waits—the welcome sound is heard,
And shawls and tippets muster at the word.



Down fly the steps—the door discloses wide,
And in the soft successive tremblers glide.
Their patient liv'ries mid the tempest wait,
Nor dare to murmur, while they weep their fate ;
For warm within, at ease each fair reclin'd,
But *hears* the howlings of the bitter wind,
And landed safely at the destin'd door,
All thought of wind and frost will soon be o'er.
Meanwhile, alas ! without one spark of fire,
Four shiv'ring infants clasp their senseless sire,
On heav'n and him for bread alternate call—
Elmira knows no winter at a ball.

Absurd, the gay Florilla cries ;
Must beauty waste herself in sighs ?

Like a lone taper doom'd to shed awhile
Its mournful splendours down some church's aisle?
Why rate *our* raptures by another's wo?
Must *we* be sad because the *poor* are so?
Oh, rather let us mingle in the maze
Where fashion's magic mocks the noon-tide blaze
With many a taper more enchanting far
Than ev'ning's dim and solitary star.
Where Winter's angry voice is hush'd and mute,
Drown'd by the charming tambarine and flute.
Unheard the wind without—the horrid squall
Of starving brats is heard not at a ball.

 This said, she flirts her fan,
And turning round with modest pride
To "half a monkey, half a man,"

 She begs him to decide.



Eh?—me, ma'm?—pon my soul, ma'm, you are right,
The poor are vulgar things, ma'm, brutes outright.
No woman of refinement can endure—
Dear ma'm, the brutes are frightful to be sure!
—This having finished with a he, he, he,
On fashion's newest scale, he sips his tea.

From lip to lip th' approving laugh goes round,
And many a vacant head promotes the sound.
And even *Myra* seems t' endure the jest,
And laughs from mere politeness with the rest.

Oh, vainly, *Myra*, hast thou toil'd to frame
Thyself to fashion—still art thou the same.
So fair yet meek, so innocent yet gay,
Thou canst not hide thy matchless *self* away.

Still art thou lovely, spite of all thy toil,
For truth and sweetness never left thy smile.
Full oft when fashion waves her torch on high
And bids the hour be mirth—I've heard thee sigh.
Thy lip indeed was smiles ; but ah, how sad
The hermit hues in which thy *heart* was clad !
And I have trac'd amid the wildest storm
Of Winter's vengeance, trac'd thine angel form
On deeds of mercy bent, emerging fair
From fashion's realms to seek and sooth despair :
Watch'd thy soft step, e'er folly's fires were low,
On the meek threshold of neglected wo.
Ah, thou wert not unseen—Heav'n mark'd thee well,
And counted ev'ry kindness as it fell ;
And 'bless you, lady,' dwells recorded there
Where blessings ever wait the poor man's pray'r.—

The beauteous **** one hour in twenty-four
Becomes herself; then strait 's herself no more.
Would'st know that hour? her pillow best can tell;
The watchman cries *fast three*, and all is well!
All well?—alas, sweet girl, methinks that sigh
Is but a sad—indeed—a sad reply!
I know its voice—it whispers thou wert made
For gentler scenes of softness and of shade.
Where fancy paints the victim of thine eyes
In all the infant bliss of sweet surprise,
No longer doom'd, an exile from those arms,
Unseen to sigh, yet tremble for thy charms—
Where too, the seraph-forms of love shall cling
Round matron beauty like the germs of spring;
And deck her twilight with a blush as fair
And hours as lovely as if youth were there.

Oh then forgive the Bard if he upbraid
The frequent ball, the midnight masquerade,
That steal the roses to thy lover due,
And leave the *squalid bride* at *twenty-two* !

Forgetful now of past despair,
Of days of anguish, nights of care ;
And many a year in sadness sigh'd away,
While Delia yet was beautiful and gay ;
Lo ! where her lover flies
On wings of rapture to embrace the maid :
Then picture his surprise !

He lov'd a *woman*, and he clasps a *shade*.
No pulse to feel ; no pow'r to give delight ;
Oh Fashion ! Fashion ! what a bridal night !



Sad o'er the wither'd nymph awhile he sighs,
As day by day and hour by hour she dies ;
Till vex'd at length with one eternal tease
Of quacks and nurses, medicines and fees ;
E'er four long years have turn'd poor spouse to clay,
The wearied husband *wishes her away.*—⁸

Lord, ma', who *is* that horrid hag?

Was ever such an air!

Oh Lord, my love, her name is BRAG,

A most amusing creature I declare—


Why la! mamma, her gait is like a man's;

Her face like marble, and I vow her eye,

That scarcely looks, yet deeply scans,

Looks just for all the world like——Fie! love, fie!

I'm sure 'twould charm your little heart to trace
Through all the forms of play, that woman's grace.
Skill'd in each winding of the game's deep maze,
Just where to *pass*, to *ante*, or to *raise* ;
If fortune smile, she can a sigh command,
If not, undaunted thump the board, and stand.
Feign ev'ry feeling out of Nature's place,
And make a *plaything* of the human face ;
Doubt in assurance ; look assur'd in doubt ;
And every passion turn quite *wrong side out* .
This night, however, she assembles all
The shuffling sisterhood at *****'s ball ;
And now you're *in your teens*—why you shall go,—
And take a hand, my love—'tis well to know.



The hour arrives—and clust'ring at the stair
Behold in throngs the slow dismantling fair !
Off flies a tippet, off a shawl, and then
A shawl and tippet call for aid again—
Till stript to shades at length, each beauteous form
Bursts on the dubious half-expecting beau,
Who long has started at each step below,
And sadly linger'd out his hour of wo. }

So wretches in a storm

Impatient wait


Morn's crimson blush, uncertain of their fate.

Oft clangs the bell ; th' oppressive throng flows in,
Till toe to toe is driv'n, and chin to chin—
Till ev'ry chink with tortur'd beaux is cramm'd,
And many a slender angel *sweetly jamm'd*.

'Curse on the croud !' tall Damper seems to say,
As inch by inch he toils his tedious way.
With arms extended o'er the pigmy throng,
The *man* of *muscle* tow'rs, and wades along :
Here lurks a trail ; an elbow there's descried ;—
On *this* he treads, *that* plunges in his side.

Poor tortur'd Damper ! *time* and *space* hadst thou,
Apollo's self would stare to see thee bow :
Like some tall chesnut-tree whose mountain form
Majestic bends to greet the passing storm.

Yet many a beau will ever bless the hour
That taught compression's touch its magic pow'r,
Thro' one soft sense each other sense to thrill,
And wake and warm the subject pulse at will.



Ah, Fashion thou art sly withal
To set thy brilliants in a space so small ;
Collecting all the wide diverging rays,
And quite o'erpow'ring *Reason* in the blaze.
For even *Prim* who ne'er essay'd in vain
To walk with Locke the *minuet* of the *brain*,
Yet quite untutor'd in an earthly caper,
Hath liv'd content to be the *beau* on *paper*—
Ev'n *Prim*, array'd in stern scholastic state,
With sportive beauty seems compell'd to prate ;
For chance has bro't within one envious inch
Scholastic *Prim*, and gentle Mrs. Clinch.
So thinking silence worse than treason now,
Prim musters all his spirits *for a bow*—
And gravely station'd at Dame Clinch's side,
As if like spouse he came to chide

The lady for her sins ;
With brow unbent, and solemn smile,
And eyes that look her through the while,
He strokes his saffron phiz—and thus begins—
Pray ma'm what think you of the *Scotch Reviews*,
Where malice *starts*, and pedantry *pursues* ?
Why sir I hate the Scotch, and pedants too,
Yet both may look quite well at a *review*—
But the Port-Folio, ma'm, no doubt you take ;
At least you'll read it for the Layman's sake :
Besides the Index will be soon in print—
The Index, sir ! why Lord I've never seen't :
A span new work—a novel I suppose ?— [nose ;
She stops—Prim coughs—looks grave, and blows his
So quite convinc'd that *letters* will not do,
He tries of *sentiment* a touch or two.

'Tis very gay within—O yes, quite so—
And 'twould be gay without but for the snow—
The snow will make it gay, sir, and beside
The sleigh will suit to call upon the bride—
Ah, madam, 'numb'd with winter's nipping air,
How many climb the billow in despair !
How many a wretch with hectic sunken eye
Shrinks from the passing gale and heaves a sigh !
Ah, madam, sure when Fashion's parted glee
Hath left thy gentle *heart* alone with *thee* ;
That gentle heart will love awhile to steal
O'er all the sorrows it can never feel,
And——Prattle ! you're engag'd you know to me,
Now don't forget, good coz, I'm No. three.
Yes, madam, 'tis a sad, a sweet delight—
Lord, Mr. Prim, it's charming here to-night.

Did you observe the bride?—Some call her pretty ;

Pray what think you ? they say she would be witty.

Pray, sir, do you intend to dance to-night ?

Th' astonish'd scholar sits confounded quite :

Yet wonders much at Heav'n's industrious care

To dress out folly in a form so fair.

Ah, Prim ! full little does thy fancy dream

What magic dwells within a glance's gleam.

E'en *thou* ere long by *Fashion* put to school,

May'st learn to *pity* and *endure* the *fool* ;

Till soon inhaling ev'ry subtle grace,

Thou'lt quite forgive her *folly* for her *face*.

Go gentle scholar ! to thy chamber hie !


Where thou may'st *paint*, but never *risk* an eye ;

Feign ev'ry feature with a poet's art;
But never clasp the woman to thy heart !

Hark ! ascending near;
The son'rous French-horn strikes the waking ear :
The beauteous Sophy starts, and looking round,
In silent wonder lists th' unusual sound.
What shadowy Minstrel, ah, what lip of air
Can emulate the tone that trembles there ?
Oh, whence the measure ? tell me whence it flows ?
I'll tell thee, lady—'tis from *****'s nose !
And who is he ?—The essence of a sneeze—
A bow—a shrug—an any thing you please :
A beau by Fashion stamp'd as soon as born ;
In short, a *very capital French-horn !*—²

Meanwhile, long fam'd for many a happy hit,
Convenient *Crito* plays his ready wit,
That sports all vivid thro' the conscious crowd,
Like lightning painted on a summer's cloud.
The swift conception gleams—the ready roar
Succeeds it quickly—and the flash is o'er.


Here Simper too forsooth a wit would be,
And sports his prowess as he takes his tea ;
Bids many a hapless word the *gauntlet run*,
And tortures all creation for a *fun*.
Lo, where all smiles, he trips it thro' the throng,
And laughs with each one as he glides along ;
Then stops a moment in his turn to speak,
For he has learnt the *topics* of the *week* ;



And he can prate with all the town beside
Of G*****'s horses, or of *****'s bride.

Scarce is the flippant prattler on the wing,
When hark the warnings of the distant string :
From many an eye-lid beams electric light,
And *fiddle-fuddle* puts the tea to flight.

Ah, see ! sequester'd from the busy throng
Of sportive dance, of merriment, and song,
In magic pomp array'd the *chosen few* !
Here studious whist presides, there chatt'ring loo,
And vaunting brag, experienc'd well to weigh
The wav'ring look, and pulse of doubtful play.



All unmolested here the vet'ran fry
Escape from mirth, and hide from ev'ry eye,
Save when some gallant from his mid career
Awhile retreats to pant unheeded here.

And thou, my Muse, will't please thee take a chair,*
(For thou hast journey'd many a weary line)
And leaning lightly on the back, declare
The various portraits of the group divine !

There's one of visage not at all profound,
A most prodigious dame ! 'twixt *square and round* ;
She spreads her aces with triumphant look—
Then laughs—and shakes as if the world were shook !


Near *her*, Acyntha sits of sportive mein,
Swears she hates cards—yet plays—she plays the
queen ;
Smiles with such skill, and with such study starts,
She proves herself throughout the *queen of hearts*.

Lo, at her side a matron by her air !
With dark blue eye, and plume-invested hair,
All pale and lovely as the meek-ey'd maid
Amid the holy haunts of Elfinglade :
Her task at ev'n to wake the vesper strain,
While warm devotion throbs in ev'ry vein.
And thou too, lady, art devout—for lo
The cheek's impassion'd flush, the bosom's throe !
From ev'ry lip too, hark the hallow'd peal !
While many a sister echoes—a misdeal !

Oh, I have painted such a form as thine,
A kneeling sister at some holy shrine ;
From distant regions newly sped, to wear
Her life's best beauty out in secret pray'r—
And such thou art, in fancy's fond regard
Thine altar *fashion*, and thy saint a *card* !

Nor brisk *Delilah* must we pass unsung,
In ev'ry thing but *years* so very young.
Fain would she lead the truant eye astray
With beauty's semblance painted on decay,
Drag youth reluctant with her to the tomb,
And play her *thirteenth card* in *girlish* bloom.

Behold how anxious o'er the game she bends,
Where all her friendship is to fleece her friends ;



And waits the coming card with brow as grave
As if her *hopes of Heav'n* were in a *knave*.
True to herself, she asks but fortune's care,
Her friend in need, her angel in despair—
For arch Delilah, better taught than they
Who take a *hand a finger* to display,
Cons well the cash, and should fate prove severe,
Bathes each departing dollar with a tear.

Majestic woman! mistress of thy kind!
Full many a vict'ry sooths thy mighty mind—
For lo, the youth escap'd his guardian's rule,
From mere *contempt of money plays*—the fool;
Scorns paltry winnings, anxious to amuse,
And aims with *ease and elegance* to lose.

And many a maiden too craves in her turn
(Tho' taught by dear mamma) from *thee* to learn ;
To catch the deep finesse ; the artful stack,
And all the *vast arcana* of the pack.
Sweet are thy lessons to the infant ear,
And all thy private counsels—marv'llous *dear* !

Scarce had the Muse a well-known form descried—
When hark a murmur wakes on ev'ry side !
Nay, ma'm, I'll swear you were not first in hand !
—The timid Muse affrighted quits her stand—¹⁶
Why, ma'm, I tell you, you are quite mistaken—
Nay, but I'm right—I'll swear the brag was taken.
From front to rear the mingling heat grows higher—
Till ev'ry beauteous eye-ball seems on fire ;

While, or with chagrin pale, or red with rage,
The horrid war of words and looks they wage.
So Macbeth's witches, clust'ring on the heath,
Pour'd round the cauldron's brim the midnight shrieks
of death.

Ye gracious pow'rs ! is this the creature giv'n
To hermit man by all indulgent Heav'n ?
A star to guide him back to virtue's way,
Whene'er his wilder'd step hath gone astray ;
His saint in hope ; his pattern in despair ;
Oh woman, woman, art *thou* imag'd there ?

Or must we from the polish'd throng retire
To seek thy semblance in yon humble dome,

Where busy beauty plies her frugal fire

To lure the partner of her bosom home ?

There meek content resides, and roseate health,

And sweet simplicity's untutor'd smile ;

Eyes moist with wishes ; looks that love by stealth,

And cheeks all glowing with the blush of toil.

But where's the lighted eye, the lofty mein

Of tow'ring beauty polish'd and refin'd ;

The kindling thought in ev'ry feature seen,

And ev'ry glance a mirror to the mind ?

Ah, 'tis an humble roof—they dwell not there—

For deep sequester'd in the winding vale,

Its simple inmate never knew a care

Beyond the duties of her cottage pale.

Content at morn the frugal fare to spread,

To rouse the young ones, and array the room ;

With busy touch to lure the flowing thread,

Or guide the devious mazes of the broom.—

No—woman, we will seek thy form divine,

All fair and lovely, angel as thou art,

Where kindred science rears her letter'd shrine,

And Fashion reigns in all things but the *heart*—

Moulds ev'ry accent ; mellows ev'ry trace ;

Makes truth attractive ; lends persuasion grace :

Prompts the swift glance; the winged repartee:

Gives all—but leaves unfetter'd *reason* free:

END OF THE FIRST PART.

NOTES.

¹ Hail, venerable Winter, hail!

My friend Sir Anthony having given me the usufruct of the fag ends of a few of his pages, I am determined the indulgence shall not be lost to the public, whom I mean to instruct in at least one third of every other page, and if I can elbow Sir Anthony quite to the upper margin, so much the better. Not having written much since my apprenticeship with Squib the lawyer, (at which time I was all the rage for hair-dressers' *proclamations*, and news-boys' *petitions*) the reader will most assuredly be delighted with the overflowings of a genius nursed in inactivity, and of a fancy unex-

E

hausted by toil; and my friend Sir Anthony must not be startled, if I sometimes convert his indulgence to the purpose of stricture on his rhymes.


To do Sir Anthony justice, his Preface is a good thing, and I must insist, before the reader goes a step further, that he "to the right about face," and read it. It contains a tolerably correct picture of his *worship*, and his *humble servant*, and therefore ought not to be overlooked as long prefaces generally are. But as for that invocation to Winter, with which the satire opens, in the name of *modern taste* I utterly abjure the same, as the most unnecessarily sublime, and ridiculously seasonable thing he could have contrived, to damn him in the public opinion. I therefore forbid the *fair* or *fashionable* reader to admire it, and shall give a few reasons for the interdiction. In the first place, Winter, instead of a *silv'ry mail*, should have worn a *red plush breeches* and a *sky-blue coat*, with a *nose* of the *same colour*. He ought by no means to have been without a *cue*, and instead of that monstrous unaccountable thing of an icicle, which the poet talks

of, he ought to have carried a mere common walking stick. So that in truth the invocation would run thus :

—I know thee by thy sky-blue nose,
And bob-tail hair,
From which descending slow, the dew
Congeal'd to ice, becomes a cue,
And better too thy way to pick,
Thou wear'st a thund'ring *walnut stick*.

Now I appeal to any of my readers (I mean readers of the new school) if this is not far more consonant to nature (I mean modern nature) and just taste, than that long hum-drum of Sir Anthony's, which is in no part of it sufficiently *ridiculous* to make one laugh.

I am sorry to see my friend the Knight so wide of the relish of these modern days, and least the gay reader should be disgusted on the very *threshold*, I shall add something in a *more modern style*,



and which I shall use my endeavours to have substituted in the future editions of this work.

Hail, party-colour'd Fashion, hail !
The bosom-bleak, the flowing trail.
Proclaim that thou art there !
I know thee by thy stale
And hackney'd air !
I know thee—for the frosts of time
Have nipp'd thy roses e'er their prime,
And art with seeming beauty drest
Thy wither'd cheek, and saffron breast ;
Thy teeth the sea-cow's pond'rous tooth supplies,
That once on Niger's rushy verge,
Was seen to deck some sable bride ;
Now wafted o'er the western surge,
Betwixt two shrivell'd lips the polish'd bone's
descried.

3 Then, Winter, I will drop the lonely tear.

When my friend Sir Anthony had proceeded thus far, I thought it necessary to put in a word or two by the way of advice. Friend Anthony, said I, you are by far too serious. Believe me, good sir, a fashionable satirist should be always *on the grin*; but then you think proper to proceed with so much gravity that you might be taken for an itinerant parson, and draw out at every tenth line a most piteous appeal to sensibility, which let me tell you is about as much in season as a *sermon* on a *week day*. My dear sir, I will venture my best pair of snow-shoes that you will be mistaken for some genuine descendant of Lazarus; festered by chagrin, and worn out with care. And besides, sir, what right have you to disturb the delightful hub-bub of the gay world by popping into it your church-yard phiz; and under the pretence of reforming our fashionable circles, only labour to *stupefy* them. The votaries of fashion have been

laughing these seventeen centuries; and why should they become all at once sad? It is their nature, sir, to be *merry*, and they will laugh at others, and *themselves* too, with much good nature; but, sir, they *will never* consent to *cry*, and depend upon it, though your Poem had the merit of an *Iliad*, if it be *serious* they will never look at it.

To this piece of advice, which was concluded with something of an *hem*, my friend replied, by observing, that it was not for this class of persons his Poem was printed; as he had been very credibly told, they never read at all. If they are to be reformed, therefore, adds he, it must be through the medium of those who *do* read. Indeed, as for those fair ones who are dying with a head-ache after the perusal of a *play-bill*; and who occupy a whole morning in solving the intricacies of a *billet-doux*; my Poem will probably never reach them; and should it, they will never get further than the *title-page*. Peace with these gentle fair ones! Not for worlds would I break in upon the repose of their intellects; or darken the atmosphere of their

pleasures with a single *thought*. Peace be with you, ye frivolous epitomes of delight ! ye spangles on the ~~full dress~~ of nature ! And may ye never sigh but at the *disappointments* of a *dance*, nor weep but over the mistakes of a *milliner*...

^s But love of all things under heav'n a *hop*.

My friend Sir Anthony has hit upon the two *extremes* very fortunately, but he has entirely omitted a species of party between both, and which is known by the fashionable name of a *Let-off*. Perhaps the reader may be unacquainted with the signification of these terms; and not having a fashionable vocabulary at hand, may need some assistance in decyphering them.—First then,

The SLOP, otherwise called a *hum drum*, is a mere assemblage to take tea—a sort of a quiet social doze after the fatigues of a previous *hop*. The company usually assemble at half past seven—take tea to keep awake till eight—nap it till nine, and then retire.

2d. The LET-OFF, is a grade higher than a mere *Slop*, and yet below a *Hop*. It is the *Hop* in an *undress*. The company meet with the expectation

of a *dance* ; wait for the fiddler till their patience and the tea are exhausted ; and then are content to display on a Turkey carpet, to *Drops of Brandy*, most delightfully furnished by some obliging *fair one*, from a piano that has seen the twentieth generation. Lastly comes

The Hop ; being the climax of all that is brilliant and amusing—at the very name of which the eye of beauty is kindled, and every hair on the head of Fashion erects itself for joy. At the approach of this *delectabile*, the very furniture becomes locomotive.—Side-boards, sofas, and elbow-chairs travel down stairs with the rapidity of lightning, and the desolation of naked walls and floors foretels that they will soon be animated by the feet and eyes of beauty.

4 Where blessings ever wait the poor man's pray'r.

This species of benevolence is beautifully exemplified in this city, in an association of female virtue, for the relief of female want. Never perhaps did an institution spring up in a more auspicious dress ; or present itself in a more eloquent attitude to the public sensibility. Headed by a venerable woman, whose talents shed a lustre over her many virtues, and marshalling within its limits half the beauty and accomplishments of her sex, it presents the singular spectacle of an *incorporated society exclusively composed of females*.


This institution professes to relieve the most helpless of all objects, the *widow with small children*. This has been done with impartiality and effect ; and even when the funds have been inadequate to answer the claims of all, *none* have been suffered to feel the penury of *utter neglect*.

Surely to the benevolent no spectacle can be more captivating than that of opulence descending from her chariot to visit the abodes of want : and it is now no uncommon spectacle to see the equipages of our first families waiting in an obscure corner of the suburbs, at the entrance of some wretched hovel.

Petulance may scoff at the idea of *incorporated* females, but the benevolent will cherish the *combination*. Heaven seems to have framed the sex to be the ambassadors of charity ; for it has given them a softer conformation, and more susceptible hearts, yet society necessarily limits the efforts of their individual benevolence to a narrow and partial space. The present institution has the advantage of combining and emboldening their efforts, and opens a field to female sympathy in which it may indulge itself with effect.

5 The wearied husband *wishes her away.*

This remark will come home to the bosoms of many of the Ixions of the present day, who, when they were sure of having realized a substantial repast, discover too late, that they have obtained a *vox et fraterca nihil*. If like Ixion they only embraced an inoffensive quiet vapor, it would be well ; but they sometimes find that the cloud contains more thunder than the delicacy of their training is organized to endure ; and there is something electrical in the head of a modern husband which usually governs the direction of the thunder with the fidelity of a lightning-rod. This is not owing to their being possessed of too much *mettle*, but to their having too little. All the world knows that Jeremiah Dysoon married the ghost of Lady Augusta Tempest, under a firm persuasion, that as her constitution had burned down into the socket, she would be perfectly incapable of plying her artillery. But Jeremiah found to his cost, that the



vis vivida survives the loss of the morbid matter, and that however a fashionable lady may be subjected to pulmonary complaints, the last thing which decays is the *lungs*. There is more sweetness in the jargon of a coffee-mill, and more music in the rhymes of a dry coach-wheel, than in the "doleful sounds" which issue from the death-bed of a pulmonary Zantippe.


6 And now you're *in your teens*, why you shall go.

Sir Anthony has italicised the words "*in your teens*," as if forsooth there was any thing wonderful in a young lady's frequenting parties who has just entered her teens. Do not our fashionable places of amusement teem with these *rose-buds still unfolded*? And who does not prefer the bud to the full blown rose? The bud may indeed wither from its untimely exposure; it may pass at once from *infancy* to *decay*—but what of that?—we have gazed with delight on its tender habiliments, and been in raptures with its infant hues—when it fades, there are others to replace it, and the parterre will remain gay as ever.

King Richard was born with teeth, (at least we have his own authority for it) which was truly marvellous; or as Virgil more elegantly expresses it, *mirabile dictu*!—Mirabile Dick-tu? (exclaims snuff-taking Dick at my elbow) why Mr. Gregory

if you mean to refer to me, I can tell you that my namesake's being born with grinders is a mere *finis quodlibetorum* sort of accident—mere commonplace compared with what happens in *our days*. Why do you know, Mr. Gregory, that one half of our fine women are *born* in a *full dress*, and many a young madam actually hops into this transitory state of existence, with all the airs and habiliments of a *full grown flirt*. And really on what other principle can you account for the prodigies which hourly throng our best circles. Why, sir, you will see little Miss acting the grown woman so expertly that, if her dimensions did not render it improbable, you would swear she was at least fifteen. These big little creatures burst from the *nursery* upon you like so many *meteors*, and pass with the celerity of *comets* from *pass* and *primers*, to *Hoyle* and the *ball-room*. They have their beaus, their flatterers, their levees and their parties, and play off a battery of charms with all the confidence and effect of experienced engineers.

I rather suspect, Mr. Glacier, continued Dick, that your friend the Knight has been listening with rather too much complacency to the vile misrepresentations of certain foreigners, who pretending to good sense and observation, have the impudence to assert, that our females are for the most part either *silly girls* or *antiquated women*—That their *premature* introduction into fashionable life gives them a disgusting *indifference* of manners, and defrauds their beauty of its prime. That instead of being reared into the *perfect woman*, in the mild atmosphere of domestic quiet, encircled by parental solicitude and smiles; the unfledged beauty is introduced at once upon the atmosphere of fashion, naked to all the blasts of dissipation, and the whirlwinds of intrigue. So say these prejudiced and mistaken moralists. But for my part I see no propriety in swadling the girl like the infant, nor feeding her with *pap* from a *porringer*, till she has reached her full growth: nor can I find it *in me* to object to admitting her to see a little of the world as soon as she is able to hold her *head up in it*. Besides these very moralists are of opinion that a



woman with us is past her prime at twenty. If so, then, why delay the indulgence of her pleasures, till her capacity for enjoyment has flown ?

This early participation of gay fatigues (I must confess, however) is very apt to produce premature decay, with all its melancholy and lingering attendants. A constitution which is fully formed, may encounter with some hopes of a survival, the routine of fashionable pleasures ; but ah, what is to rescue from annihilation the feeble and unfinished frame, just venturing on the confines of a maturer state, and trembling in all the uncertainty of its *first crisis*.

⁷ Here lurks a trail, an elbow there's descried.

A train is indeed a formidable obstacle, and I wonder that in such a crowd Dampor was lucky enough to find the lady at the *end of it*: for when he received the *elbow* in *his side*, it must have happened in the very act of bowing to the fair one whose drapery he had invaded. Now this reminds me of a predicament into which I was led while yet a *green horn* in gay life, in consequence of a similar accident; and I never see a long trail to this moment, but my blood runs cold at the mere recollection, and I shun it as I do a *snake in the grass*. At a grand squeeze given by the Miss *Fidgets* to all their friends at once, videlicet, to the whole city, it was my good fortune to be included, and my peculiar felicity to be *hot-pressed* with the rest. The spectacle being at that time *novel* to me, I was at first delighted. The close order of the company left me perfectly at my ease; for as it gave no room for the display of *grace*, it effectually conceal-

ed the defects of awkwardness. Besides, the clatter of tongues and the peals of merriment, contending with the *crash* of instruments and the *scream* of songs, gave the alarm to every organ, and put the whole system into a state of irritability, so that *compression* instead of being irksome became rather a desirable thing, and I felt the truth of Sir Anthony's rhapsody, when he ascribes such magic to the *close contact* of a promiscuous *squeeze*. I had the good fortune for my own part to be wedged between a matron of forty-five and a fat virgin of three and twenty, and I really believe should have wasted the evening there with the mere inconvenience of a slight *sudorific*, had not my left companion informed me with a smile that I was on the trail of a lady. Mustering all the breath left me, I begged to know on whose dress I had been so unhappily an aggressor; when with all the *wicked archness* of her sex she pointed to a fat married lady on the other side of the room. The point now was, first to extricate *myself*, and afterwards the *trail*, which I set about with all the zeal of an auctioneer or a committee-man. Mere effort of muscle enabled


me to effect the former, but the latter required more skill than I was aware of ; and after tracing the appendage through an endless variety of **sinu-
osities** ; after extricating it from the legs of no less than three chairs, and as many ladies, and attracting the titter of the whole company, I believe the pursuit must have been finally relinquished, had not the trail all at once begun to move as if by magic towards the fire-place. I did not fail to follow it with as much expedition as the crowd would permit, stooping every now and then to extricate it in its progress, until I found that it actually terminated (no, gentle reader !), not in the person of the fat married lady aforesaid, but in that of the identical lady who had sent me in search of it. Genius of long lawn ! what a predicament ! The laugh which burst upon me was sufficient to have overwhelmed St. Christopher himself : I shrunk from it with the expedition of a convict, and even at this hour I never stalk through a room which is strewn with these fag-ends of fashion but it brings to my mind the "*incedis per ignes,*" &c. of Horace.

Our ladies have certainly come to an alarming *length* in *trains* ; and they will find it difficult before long, to distinguish at large parties their several moieties in these *estates in tail*. Indeed I was credibly informed not long since, by a buck of the first water, that at a party given by the Miss *Buckrams* to their *first cousins*, the company took full half of an hour to separate, it being necessary that they should be *unravell'd* before that could be effected.

^s In short, a *very capital French-horn*.

The satire contained in this line, and those which immediately precede it, is by no means intended to apply to any particular individual; on the contrary, it is directed against that *swarm of foreign insects* which has of late settled upon us, and which threatens to darken our fashionable atmosphere.—
(*Note by the Author.*)

(*Comment by Gregory.*)—Knowing my natural aversion to *Frenchmen*, Sir Anthony absolutely refused to let me add a note of my own, in this place, by way of comment on the fashionable usurpation of these foreigners. I have stolen a march upon him, however, and the public owe to the connivance of the Printer, this additional *quota of instruction*. Indeed I grow mad whenever I think of this *weazle faced* progeny of *frog eaters*, who have the assurance to make themselves more *captivating* than their neighbours, and by the aid of lotions, lip



salves, and perfumery, a little bad English, and a few flourishes of the heel, carry war into the very *hearts* of our fair countrywomen. Bewitching mortals, (or rather immortals) how I envy you that sweet *pliability* of *joints*, and that happy *nothingness* of *language*, by means of which you captivate and enslave our *enslavers* !

What is to become of the whole race of *genuine, sober, solid Americans*, Heaven only knows ! They already stalk through our ball-rooms in a sort of lonely indignation, and seem like exiles while they live at home. To these gentlemen I should recommend by all means a visit to Paris. There is no knowing how far an opera-house amour or two may go, in making them acceptable on their return ; or what charms they may acquire in the eyes of their fair countrywomen, by a few months diet upon *garlic* and *souff maigre*. Indeed several of the most desperate of these *despairing ones* have anticipated my prescription, and are already inhaling the *chaste* atmosphere, and assuming the pure manners of Paris. Heavens ! with what delight do

I look forward to the return of these *Gallo-Americans*, these *demi parlez vous* of modern invention. With what delight will they be welcomed by the enchanted belle, and the mere *unmingled* Frenchman be discarded with contempt for ever.

• And thou, my Muse, will't please thee take a chair !

Now this is what I call genuine politeness. How different from the mode of invocation usually practiced by our poets, who having called upon their Muses in the style of a *Stentor*, expect them forthwith to appear, and perform all the offices of inspiration, without receiving a single civility in return ! Sir Anthony on the contrary first of all offers his Muse a chair, and then (as she might reasonably expect) begs her assistance for a page or so.

Without deciding positively as to the poet's success in this instance, I would recommend his method of invocation by all means to our race of *modern versifiers*. It will at least serve to shew their *good breeding*, and prove them to have been educated in the *temple of fashion*, though they may be strangers to that of the *Muses*.

¹⁰ The timid Muse affrighted quits her stand.

The Muse being a *female* and a *country girl* besides, accustomed only to the sighing of zephyrs, or the quiet murmurs of rivulets, is excusable for her *timidity* on this occasion, but in my opinion she can offer no sufficient apology for quitting "her stand;" and that at a moment too when "a well known form" just attracted her view. Who this well known form might be I have never yet been able to learn from Sir Anthony, though he assures me the Muse had not yet proceeded through half of the group, when her fright compelled her to drop the pencil, and that the residue would receive their full share of *respect* at a *future sitting*.

AN ODE,
&c.



ODE,

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE DESTRUCTION OF A
CORPS OF EMIGRANT HUSSARS UNDER PRINCE
CONDE, ON THE NIGHT OF THE BATTLE
OF KAMLACH.

[THIS corps was composed principally of young French noblemen,* who having escaped the massacre of their families and their king, had formed themselves into a body for the purpose of avenging themselves on the authors of their misfortunes. They chose *black* for their uniform, in allusion to their situation and their cause. In several actions under the Archduke Charles they performed wonders, and on the fatal night alluded to, were destin-

* See Life and Campaigns of Moreau, page 38.

ed to attack the advanced guard of the French under Moreau. This they executed with an impetuosity which nothing could resist, and for a while carried every thing before them ; the main body of the enemy coming up shortly after, the brave assailants were overwhelmed by numbers, and cut to pieces in the conflict. Thus was the best blood of France mixed with the earth, and the last hope of her loyalty extinguished for ever !]

SCENE—BANKS OF THE DANUBE.

'TIS night—yet still the star
Of ev'ning lingers in the west ;
The sinewy limbs of war
Have sunk to rest.
From ev'ry forest-tufted height,
The faithful beacon's monitory light

Flings its pale beam ;
While shadowing many a cliff beneath,
Dwells all the silent pomp of death
Dark o'er the stream !
Devoted stream ! 'tis thine to pour
A billow ever purpled o'er ;
From realm to realm still doom'd to glide
With war and valour at thy side,
And taught at ev'ry turn to lave
Some soldier's willow-woven grave—
Night wraps thee now ; and from thy cliffy verge
The sentry's measur'd footstep meets the ear,
Attentive to the pebbly surge
That murmurs near.—

Ha! from yon mountain's shadowy side,
In knight's attire,
What sable troop so furious glide,
Dark'ning the forest fire?
A silvery gleam
Plays on their polish'd helms, and blades of massy
steel.
Youthful, yet sad they seem.
On ev'ry martial brow is hung
The mem'ry of some mournful date,
And ev'ry arm is strung
To conquer fate!
Rush on ye knights of sable hue!
Your France has still a tear
To shed for you.—

The spirit of your king is near !

And many a form in memory dear

Points to the foe.—

Dark from the turret's mouldering mound

Impetuous on the foe they bound.—

Th' astonish'd foe gives way,

Half vanquish'd in the swift affray—

Death strews the ground.—

Ah, vict'ry vain ! ah, transient flight !

A thousand arms renew the fight ;

A thousand arms of unexhausted might.

O'erpow'r'd but not subdued, the band

Terrific struggle hand to hand ;

Till pierc'd with many a wound pale sinks each

noble youth,

Resisting to his latest sigh

In all the native nerve of truth ;
Proud where he fought to lie.

Farewell ye gallant mourners at the tomb
Of parted monarchy !
The forest flow'r now sheds its simple bloom
To deck your cemetery !

And, oh, mayhap at ev'ning's hour
Some stranger step may press that flow'r !
Some noble pilgrim doom'd to roam
Far from the rifled haunts of home,
Mute as he treads the mould'ring turf, may sigh—
Here, oh my France, thy *truth* and *honour* lie !

LINES

TO MRS. ———, WHO HAD PRESENTED THE
AUTHOR WITH A *BOSOM FRIEND* CON-
STRUCTED OF FUR.

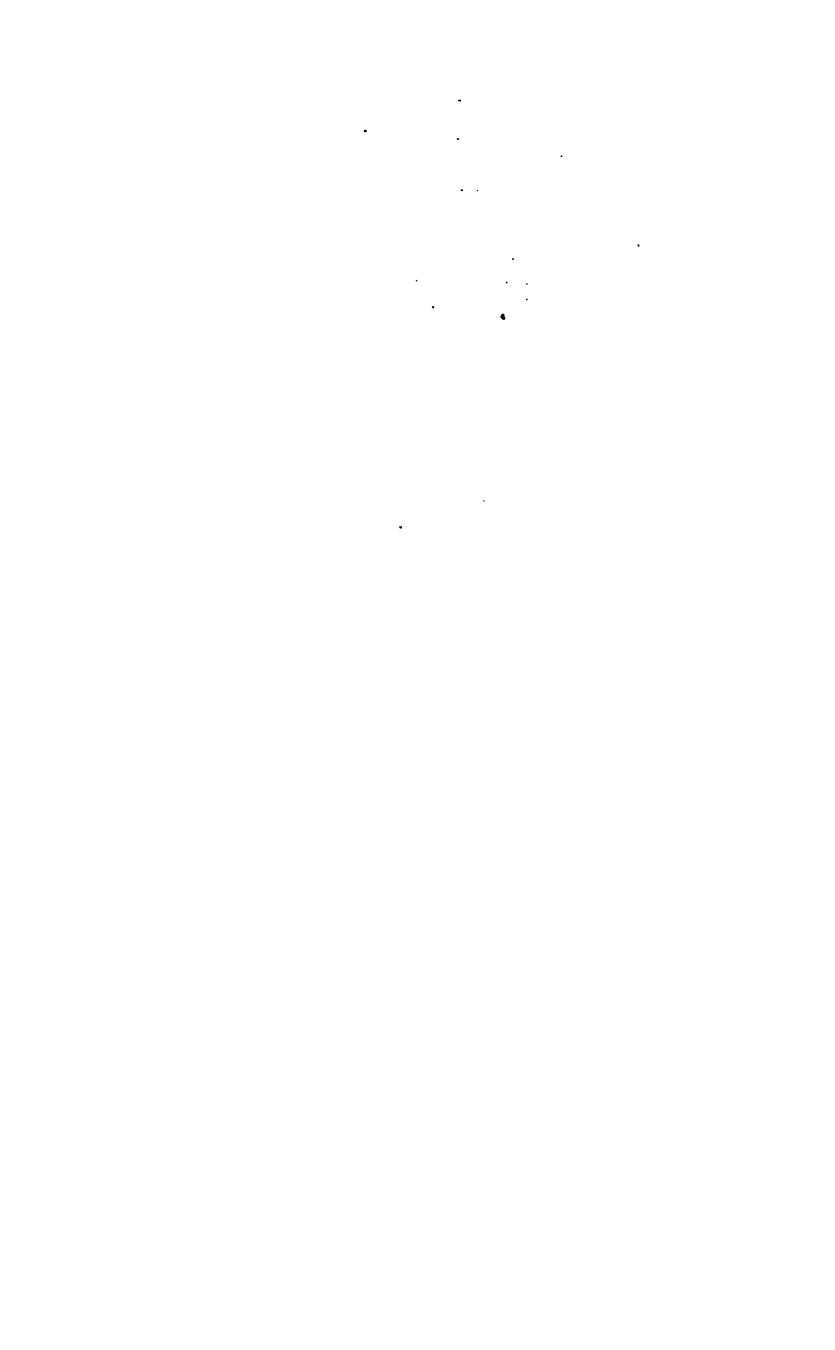
AH! thou the *bosom friend* should'st frame
Whose tears may quench this bosom's flame,
And gift her with the curious art
To *heal*, yet not *subdue* the heart.
With eyes by love and learning lit,
Lips full of sweetness and of wit ;
A form beyond conception fair—
Oh be thyself depicted there !

And should the nymph so well pourtray'd
Prove but a fancy-woven maid,
Drest out in tints too bright to be
The image of aught else than thee ;
Believe the Bard, no pow'r shall wrest
The sainted semblance from his breast,
But ever cherish'd, ever fair,
'Twill dwell thy sweet memorial there !

FINIS.



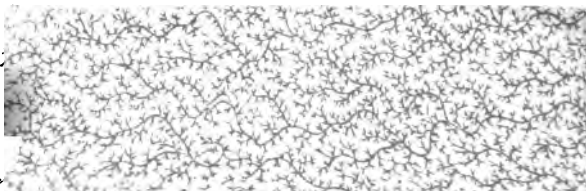
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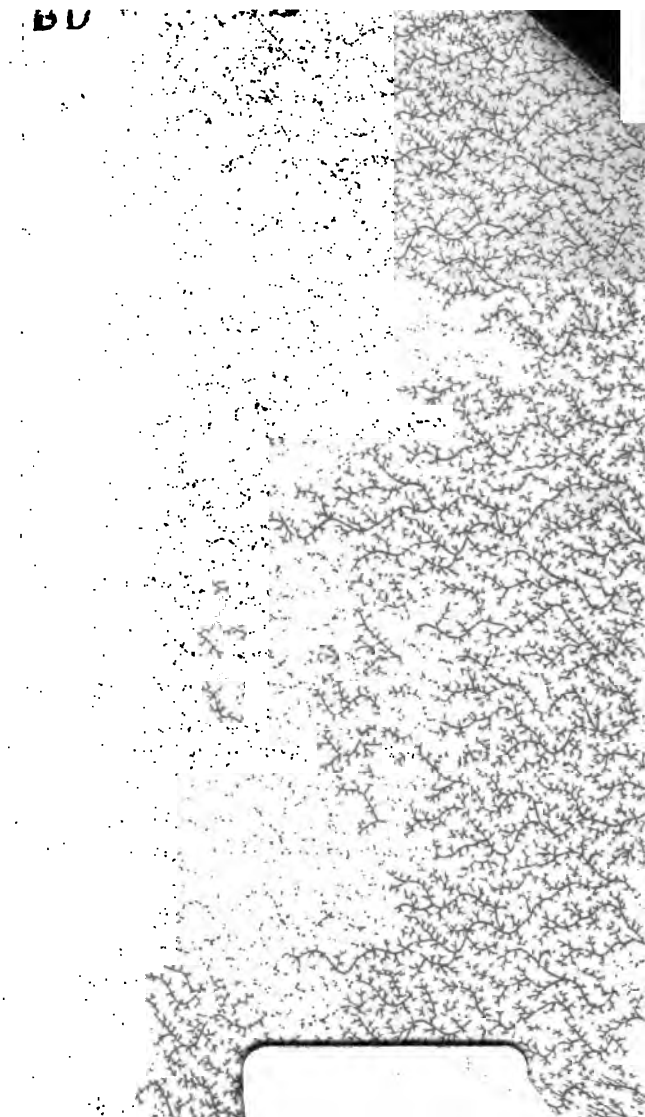


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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million, from 2.5 million in 1980 to 4 million in 1995. The public sector has become a major employer in the UK, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy.

The public sector has also become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy.

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